#4
DIGITAL
BOUNDLESS
CHRISTIAN ZANIER • PAT SHAND • GABRIEL ANDRADE
LOOKERS
EMBER

LOOKERS
Story **PAT SHAND**
Art **GABRIEL ANDRADE**
Colors **GERMAN NOBILE**
Letters **KURT HATHAWAY**

EMBER
Story and Art **CHRISTIAN ZANIER**
Colors **GERMAN NOBILE**
Color Finishes **CHRISTIAN ZANIER**
Letters **KURT HATHAWAY**

LOOKERS ORIGINS
Art **TIM SEELEY**
Colors **JUAN RODRIGUEZ**
Letters **KURT HATHAWAY**

Covers

Christian Zanier
Regular (& Nude & Adult)
Bondage (set of six covers)
Red Hot (& Nude)
Orgy Adult (& Adult Extreme)
Wraparound (& Nude & Adult)

Raulo Caceres
Sexy Spies (& Nude)

Matt Martin
Luscious (& Nude)

Renato Camilo
Workout (& Nude)
GGA Homage (& Nude)

The Good Girl Art Homage is based on the shocking MANHUNT #2 cover by Ogden Whitney (published Nov 1947 from Magazine Enterprises).

Boundless Comics
editor-in-chief **William Christensen**
creative director **Mark Seifert**

BOUNDLESS
www.boundlesscomics.com

LOOKERS: EMBER #4. November 2017. Published by Boundless Comics, a division of Avatar Press, Inc., 515 N. Century Blvd. Rantoul, IL 61866. **©2017 Avatar Press, Inc. Lookers, Ember and all related properties TM & ©2017 Avatar Press, Inc. All characters as depicted in this story are over the age of 18. The stories, characters, and institutions mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed in Canada.**

LOOKERS

LOOKERS
OUR STORY SO FAR:
TANYA AND MICHELLE HAVE BEEN HIRED BY EMBER TO FIND HER STOLEN PHONE - WITH HER SEX VIDEO ON IT! THINGS ARE NOT GOING WELL AS EVERYONE FROM DRUG DEALERS TO A HACKER GROUP ARE INVOLVED AND THE LOOKERS HAVE TO GET DOWN-AND-DIRTY TO GET SOME PROGRESS!

SNEEEERK...
IF YOU DON'T STOP SNORING, YOU OL' SLEEP-APNEA-HAVING-ASS-BITCH, I SWEAR TO GOD--
TO:
How much longer till we can start outfit?
KNOK! KNOK!
WHO THE FUCK...?
OHHHHHHH SHIT! DID LUIS SEND Y'ALL OVER HERE? IF HE DID, I OWE THAT CRUSTY MOTHERFUCKER FOR THIS ONE, BECAUSE YOU TWO... GODDAMN.
OH HEHE NO, SORRY, WE DON'T KNOW A LUIS.

SOON.
WE WERE JUST LOOKING FOR OUR FRIEND--
OUR GIRLFRIEND.
GIRLFRIEND, YEAH. BUT I THINK MAYBE THIS IS THE WRONG ROOM?
MAYBE.
YOU KNOW WHAT, THOUGH? YOU ARE KINDA CUTE.
Episode Four:
Psycho Dead Boyfriend

BUT FIRST.
DON'T WORRY YOU TWO, YOU'RE GETTING CLOSE... HANG A RIGHT HERE AND THEN STAY ON THAT ROAD FOR HALF A MILE. PULL INTO THE FIRST LOT AFTER TORELL AVE, AND YOU'RE THERE.
DO WE HAVE ANY MORE INFO ON WHAT THIS PLACE IS? I DON'T WANT TO GO IN BLIND.
SORRY, NOTHING. FROM WHAT I'M SEEING, THERE *USED* TO BE A FACTORY AT THE ADDRESS... BUT NOW, THERE'S NO DATA ON AN OWNER.
UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, I'D GUESS THAT THE BUILDING IS PROBABLY ABANDONED... BUT CONSIDERING THE SITUATION, I'M DRAWING A BLANK.
THE CLOSER YOU TWO GET TO THE BUILDING, THE MORE STATIC I'M GETTING ON YOUR CAMS. WHICH... WEIRD. THAT SHOULDN'T BE HAPPENING.
THE CLOSER YOU GET THOUGH, THE... ER...
÷gulp÷
THIS IS IT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, SHONA. IT LOOKS SUPER ABANDONED.
LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING.
WELL, IT LOOKS CREEPY AS FUCK TOO, SO I HOPE THAT'S PART OF THE DECEPTION.
WHOA. WHOA WHOA WHOA, IT'S WAY WORSE NOW. THE FEED IS GOING IN AND OUT. CAN YOU STILL HEAR ME? MICHELLE? TANYA?
WE CAN HEAR YOU, BUT BARELY. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE UNDERWATER.
WHOEVER IS IN THERE MUST HAVE SOME SORT OF HIGH-TECH JAMMER. WHICH... THAT KINDS POOPS IN OUR SOUP ABOUT THE THEY'RE JUST REGULAR PEOPLE WHO HAPPEN TO HAVE A STOLEN PHONE THEORY. I'M GETTING VERY NON-REGULAR VIBES HERE, GUYS. PLEASE BE CAREFUL.
IF THEY CAN PULL OFF THIS KIND OF JAM ON MY WORK... WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF PROTECTIONS THEY HAVE. IT MIGHT BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GET IN.
OR, IT MIGHT NOT.

COME ON, FUCKFACE! WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE CLEARING OUT.
WHAT IS ALL THIS?
COME ON! WE'VE BEEN HERE WAY TOO LONG, MAN. WE CAN-FUCKING-NOT COME BACK AGAIN TOMORROW!
WHATEVER WE CAN'T TAKE OR WIPE, WE'RE FUCKING LEAVING, BRO! CLEAR THE INCRIMINATING SHIT AND HURRY UP!
PACEY! WE HAVE INTRUDERS!
GAHH!

DOWN!
I'M ONLY SEEING THE ONE GUN! GO!
ON IT.
I S-S-SWEAR, I'M NOT GOING DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT! WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU PSYCHO FUCKS!
AAAAAEEEEGH!
WE'RE PSYCHOS? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO JUST ALMOST SHOT YOUR BUDDY'S DICK OFF! PUT THE GUN DOWN!
I KNOW WHAT YOU DID! ABRAM TOLD ME WHAT YOU PEOPLE DID TO MATT AND JOE, YOU SICK--
SHE SAID--

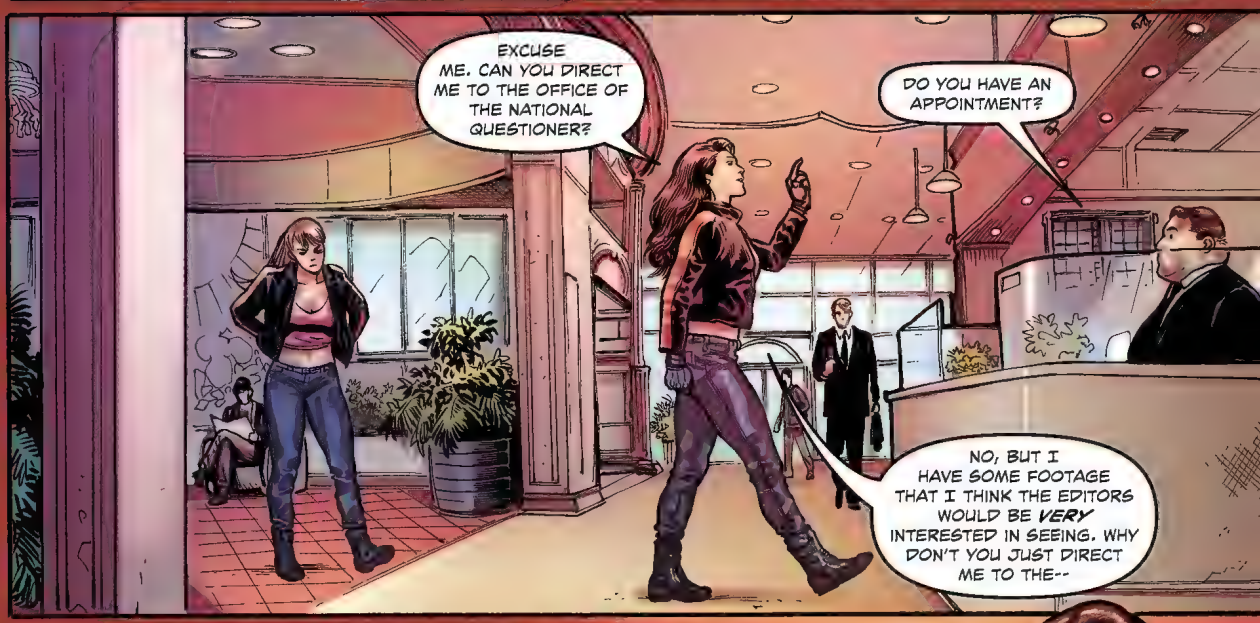
TO PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN.
PLEASE! PLEASE, DON'T KILL ME. I SWEAR, WE'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ANYBODY WHAT HAPPENED. WE'RE ERASING EVERYTHING. NONE OF IT WILL EVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY, I PROMISE!
EVERYONE STAY WHERE YOU ARE.
CLEARLY, THERE IS SOME CONFUSION HERE. WE'RE NOT HERE TO KILL YOU... BUT APPARENTLY, YOU THINK SOMEONE IS COMING TO DO JUST THAT.
WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU HAVE A STOLEN DEVICE. THAT DEVICE BELONGS TO ONE OF OUR CLIENTS.
I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO TURN OVER THAT DEVICE NOW... AND THEN TELL US WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE. BECAUSE, WHILE THERE MIGHT BE NO ONE IN THE GREATER LOS ANGELES AREA WITH WORSE AIM THAN YOU...
...I STILL REALLY DON'T APPRECIATE GETTING SHOT AT.
WHOA. WHAT THE...

WHAT.
THE FUCK.
IS THIS?

SOON AFTER.
LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU. I'M AWARE HOW *FUCKED UP* ALL OF THIS IS. AND WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO *MATT*, NOW... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.
FUCK YOU. YOU WORK FOR AN ORGANIZATION THAT HIRED A MAN TO PRETEND TO *LOVE ME* FOR OVER A YEAR IN ORDER TO... WHAT, RECORD US *FUCK*? SO YOU GUYS COULD GET YOUR ROCKS OFF? WHAT *ELSE* DO YOU DO HERE?
TELL US. WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT ANYWAY.
IT WASN'T JUST YOU. YOU WEREN'T SPECIAL. WE DID THIS TO MORE BUSINESS OWNERS THAN I CAN COUNT. I KNOW THAT MATT WAS ABLE TO STEAL YOUR SISTER'S CONTENT AS WELL. HE SOLD YOUR CLIENTS' CREDIT CARD INFORMATION ON THE DARK WEB.
OF COURSE HE DID. OF FUCKING COURSE HE DID.
NO. THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. WHO *DOES* THAT? HOW CAN YOU GUYS MAKE A LIVING OFF OF THIS?
WE MADE MORE THAN A LIVING. AND... HEH, YOU KNOW WHAT? EVEN IF WE DIDN'T, FUCK... WE DID IT FOR THE FUN OF IT. A TASTE OF ANARCHY. I GUESS WE HAD IT COMING, THIS THING WITH MATT AND JOE.
EXPLAIN AGAIN. HOW DID MATT... HOW DID HE DIE?
I WATCHED IT HAPPEN. THEY MET WITH THESE GUYS THAT WANTED TO BUY A COLLECTION OF VIDEOS WE STOLE.
CELEBRITY SEX TAPES AND SHIT. BUT WHEN THEY MET, THESE PSYCHOPATHS JUST STRAIGHT UP MURDERED THEM. COLD BLOOD-- BAM! BAM!
AND THE VIDEOS?
I ASSUME THEY TOOK IT. I RAN AS SOON AS I HEARD THE FIRST SHOT.
BUT YOU HAVE BACK-UP FILES HERE.
WE DID. WE'RE WIPING *EVERY-THING*. HAVE BEEN FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS. WE COME IN AT THE ASS-CRACK OF DAWN AND DO AS MUCH AS WE CAN; HOPING WE CAN CLEAR OUT BEFORE THESE PSYCHOS FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE.
THAT EXPLAINS THE TWO FILES ON SHONA'S PROGRAM, MICHELLE. IT'S THE ACTUAL DEVICE IN SAN DIEGO AND THE BACK-UP FILE HERE.
WHO *WERE* THE PEOPLE YOU GUYS MET WITH, ANYWAY?

EMBER...FAKEST BOOBS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD, OR IS SHE JUST GAINING WEIGHT?
NFL community reacts to Memphis's performance

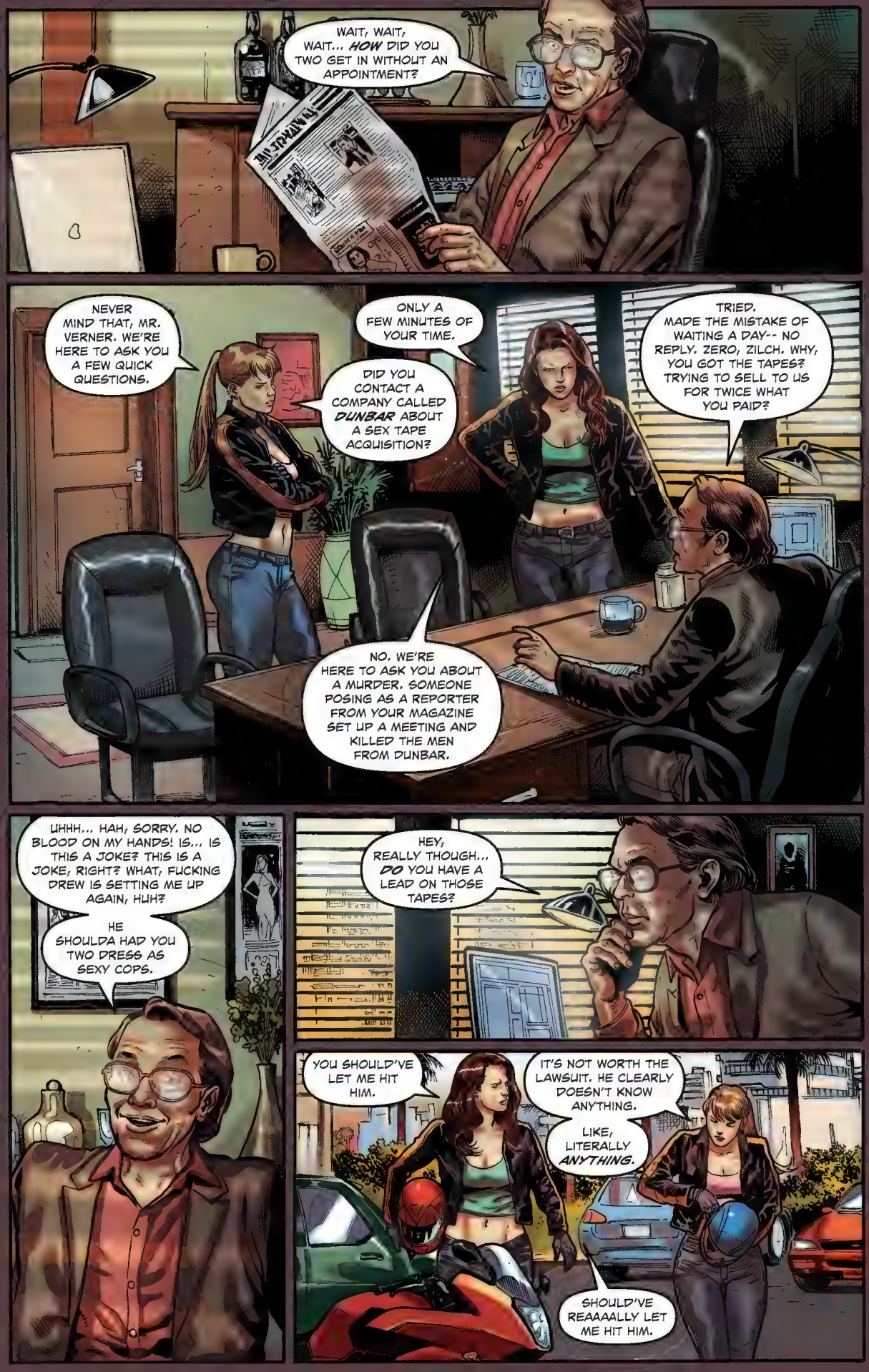
IT'S NOT LINING UP. A REP FROM A TABLOID WOULDN'T MURDER TWO INTERNET TROLLS TO GET EMBER'S SEX TAPE. THEY'D PAY FOR IT.
MICHELLE... LET'S SLOW DOWN FOR A SECOND, OKAY? WHAT WE JUST FOUND OUT ABOUT MATT... THIS IS A LOT. MAYBE WE SHOULD STOP FOR THE DAY.
YOU CAN STOP IF YOU WANT. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE MAN I THOUGHT I KNEW WAS A LIE... A LIE THAT I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO BELIEVE.
AT LEAST NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH.
MICHELLE, WAIT!


EXCUSE ME. CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL QUESTIONER?
DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?
NO, BUT I HAVE SOME FOOTAGE THAT I THINK THE EDITORS WOULD BE VERY INTERESTED IN SEEING. WHY DON'T YOU JUST DIRECT ME TO THE--

LADY, IF YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, I'D BE GLAD TO CONFIRM SAID APPOINTMENT AND HAVE SOMEONE COME DOWN TO ESCORT YOU TO THE OFFICE.
YOU KNOW AND I KNOW I CAN'T SEND A RANDOM WOMAN OFF THE STREET INTO THE OFFICE OF THE TOP MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY.

SHE REALLY SHOULD LET ME DO THE TALKING.

LISTEN UP, YOU CHINLESS PILE OF RANCID MAYONNAISE--
HAH; WHOOOOA! I'M... I'M SORRY ABOUT MY SISTER. HER MEDICATION NORMALLY WORKS, BUT SOME DAYS ARE WORSE THAN OTHERS.
OH. TH-THAT'S ALL RIGHT, I SUPPOSE, IF--
NOW, I HATE TO BOTHER YOU ANY MORE THAN WE ALREADY HAVE, BUT I DO NEED A LITTLE HELP. YOU SEE, MICHELLE AND I HERE ARE MODELS. DO YOU HAVE AN INSTAGRAM, HANDSOME? I BET YOU'RE FOLLOWING ME. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE GOOD TASTE.
WE WERE THINKING. BEFORE KIM K PUT OUT HER SEX TAPE, NO ONE KNEW WHO SHE WAS, BUT NOW SHE'S ON TOP OF THE WORLD. I HAVE A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS ALREADY, SO I THOUGHT... WHY NOT RECORD MY OWN SEX TAPE AND RELEASE IT OFFICIALLY THROUGH THE QUESTIONER.
DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA?
I-- I--
IF YOU LET US IN, I PROMISE, HANDSOME... I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE PREVIEW. MY PHONE IS JUST LOADED WITH DIRTY VIDEOS.
AND IF YOU'RE WORRIED THAT WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO HURT SOMEONE UP THERE... YOU CAN FEEL FREE TO PAT US DOWN.
JESUS CHRIST.
I DON'T KNOW... I REALLY SHOULDN'T.


WAIT, WAIT, WAIT... HOW DID YOU TWO GET IN WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT?
NEVER MIND THAT, MR. VERNER. WE'RE HERE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUICK QUESTIONS.
ONLY A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME.
DID YOU CONTACT A COMPANY CALLED DUNBAR ABOUT A SEX TAPE ACQUISITION?
TRIED. MADE THE MISTAKE OF WAITING A DAY-- NO REPLY. ZERO, ZILCH. WHY, YOU GOT THE TAPES? TRYING TO SELL TO US FOR TWICE WHAT YOU PAID?
NO. WE'RE HERE TO ASK YOU ABOUT A MURDER. SOMEONE POSING AS A REPORTER FROM YOUR MAGAZINE SET UP A MEETING AND KILLED THE MEN FROM DUNBAR.
UHHH... HAH, SORRY. NO BLOOD ON MY HANDS! IS... IS THIS A JOKE? THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT? WHAT, FUCKING DREW IS SETTING ME UP AGAIN, HUH?
HE SHOULDA HAD YOU TWO DRESS AS SEXY COPS.
HEY, REALLY THOUGH... DO YOU HAVE A LEAD ON THOSE TAPES?
YOU SHOULD'VE LET ME HIT HIM.
IT'S NOT WORTH THE LAWSUIT. HE CLEARLY DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING.
LIKE, LITERALLY ANYTHING.
SHOULD'VE REAAAALLY LET ME HIT HIM.

TANYA: HEADING TO SAN DIEGO TO FOLLOW THE OTHER LEAD. I TRIED TO GET MICHELLE TO CALL IT A NIGHT, BUT SHE'S ACTING LIKE EVERYTHING IS OKAY. WILL CHECK IN SOON XOXO
OHHHHHH BABY. JACKPOT.
HEY, I JUST HEARD FROM TANYA. THEY'RE HEADED TO...
TO?
...TO SAN DIEGO TO FOLLOW-UP ON THE OTHER BLIP ON THE MAP.
HM?
HEY, WHAT WERE YOU JUST UH... LOOKING AT ON THE COMPUTER?

I WAS JUST ADMIRING YOUR WEBCAM. I BET THAT CAPTURES SOME HIGH QUALITY VIDEO.
MAYBE YOU AND I COULD SHOOT SOMETHING LATER. I'D LOVE TO TEST OUT THE QUALITY.
I... WH-WHAT DO... I... ER...
I'M GONNA GO SMOKE A BOWL. BACK IN A SEC.
WHA... WE, UH... I-I-I... OKAY.
HEH. REALLY SHOULDN'T TORTURE THE POOR GIRL.
SO FUN, THOUGH. SO FUN.
MR. TENHAM, WE HAVE--
DON'T SAY MY FUCKING NAME OVER THE LINE, YOU BLITHERING IDIOT.
÷sigh÷
THE LINE IS SECURE, BOSS. AND WE HAVE HER IN SIGHTS. SAY THE WORD, AND THE BUILDING GETS A FRESH COAT OF RED PAINT.
DO IT.
NEXT: BLAZING SANDALS

EMBER

EMBER

OUR STORY SO FAR:

EMBER IGNACIA WAS A VERY PRIVILEGED YOUNG WOMAN. BUT HER LIFE GOT TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE WHEN A HORRIFIC PLANE CRASH, WITH A MYSTERIOUS EXPERIMENT ABOARD, GAVE HER AN ELEMENTAL POWER OVER FIRE. NOW HER FAME IS GREATER THAN EVER, BUT SO ARE THE PRESSURES. LAST ISSUE: EMBER WENT NOVA AFTER FREAKING OUT. WHOOPS.

EMBER, I'M SENDING A MILITARY ESCORT TO GET YOU HOME. YOUR SUIT IS FRIED, ALL YOUR DAMPENERS MELTED. NOT TO MENTION, THE LOCALS MIGHT BE LESS THAN THRILLED WITH YOU.

HOLY SHIT...
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE IN BIG TROUBLE. BUT HEY, I GOT THE BAD GUY.
AH FUCK, LOCAL COPS ARE HERE ALREADY.
DON'T TRY FLYING. PICK UP ETA 2 MINUTES.
YOU HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOUNG LADY. YOU BURNED AN ENTIRE CITY BLOCK AND RECKLESSLY ENDANGERED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE!

I'M ONLY DOIN' MY JOB. STOPPING THE BAD GUYS AND ALL THAT.
I'M BRINGING YOU IN AND THIS GETS SORTED OUT DOWNTOWN.
WAIT, WHAT? NO WAY!
LOOK, DUDE, BLAME THE BARBECUED CHICK OVER THERE IN MELTED METAL PANTS.

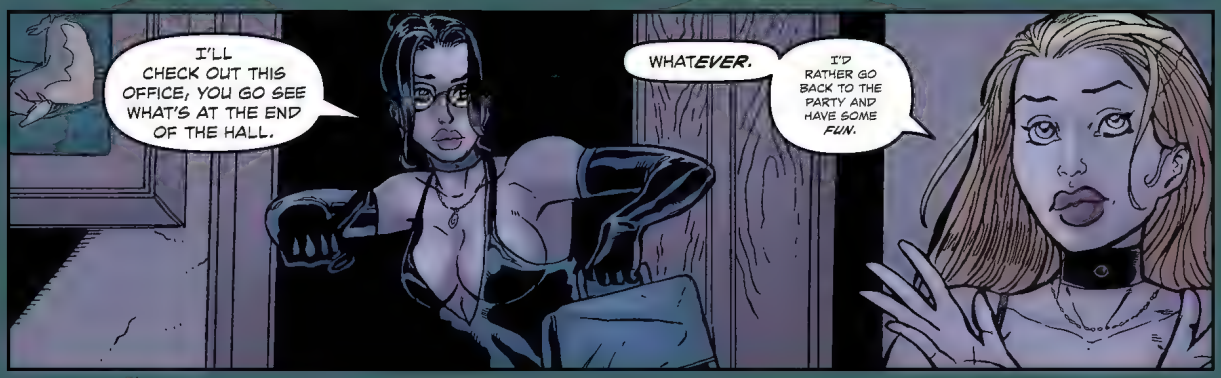
I DON'T THINK SO, SERGEANT. THIS IS A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY.
DARREN!
NOW HANG ON, SON, WHO THE FUCK DO YOU WORK FOR?
THAT, SIR, IS CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. BUT MY LARGE MILITARY CONVOY SHOULD MAKE MY POINT FOR ME. EMBER IS COMING WITH ME.
NEXT:
BIG TROUBLE!

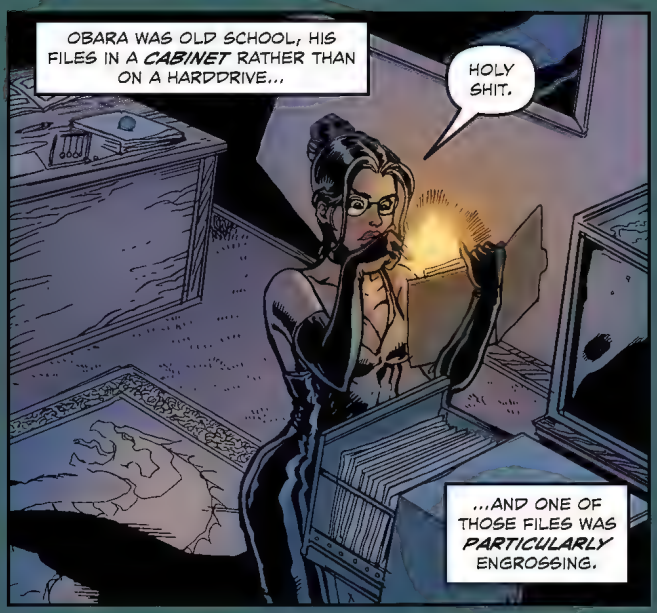
LOOKERS
ORIGINS

LOOKERS
THRESHOLD #39 (2002)
A CLASSIC LOOKERS STORY, ORIGINALLY RUN IN THE SERIES THRESHOLD, NOW IN COLOR FOR THE FIRST TIME! ENJOY!

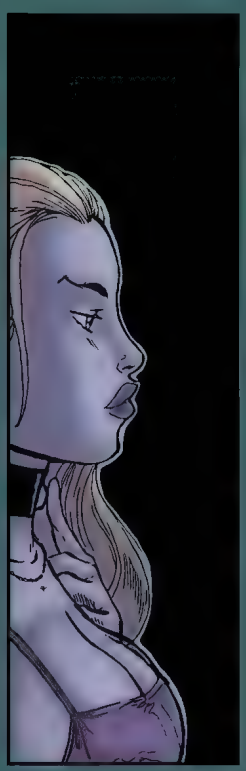
THAT WAS ONE PARTY I'LL NEVER FORGET. THE HOST WAS DEAD...
...OUR CLIENT WAS FURIOUS...
...AND THERE WAS TANYA-- HANGING FROM A CHANDELIER OVER A GATHERING OF CHICAGO'S ELITE-- NAKED.
DEFINITELY NOT OUR FINEST MOMENT.

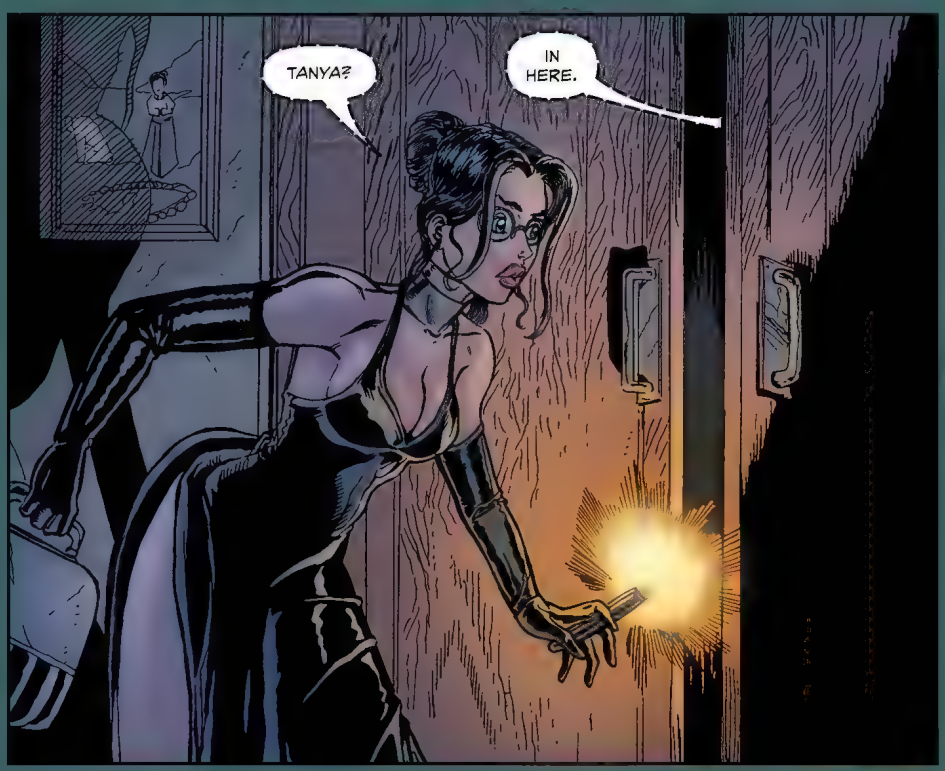
THE WHOLE THING STARTED OUT AS A ROUTINE RECOVERY CASE.
OUR CLIENT WAS CLINTON YATES-- A FLAMBOYANT BILLIONAIRE WITH A PENCHANT FOR COLLECTING RARE ASIAN ARTIFACTS.
YATES HAD PURCHASED ONE, AN ANCIENT JADE TIGER, FROM A COLLECTOR IN JAPAN...
...ONLY TO HAVE THE PIECE STOLEN FROM A COURIER IMMEDIATELY AFTER CLEARING CUSTOMS AT O'HARE.
OUR NUMBER ONE SUSPECT WAS KYOSHI OBARA-- A JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN LIVING IN CHICAGO...
...WHO HAD LOST A BIDDING WAR FOR THE JADE TIGER TO CLINTON YATES.
YATES DID HIS PART BY GETTING US INTO A HIGH-SOCIETY SHINDIG AT OBARA'S ESTATE...
...NOW IT WAS UP TO US TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE PARTY, RECOVER THE TIGER AND GET OUT.
SEEMED LIKE A NO-BRAINER, UNTIL WE RAN INTO SOME... COMPLICATIONS.
THIS PLACE IS HUGE, MICHELLE. WE'RE NEVER GONNA FIND THAT FRIGGIN' TIGER.
SHH! LESS WHINING AND MORE SEARCHING, TANYA.

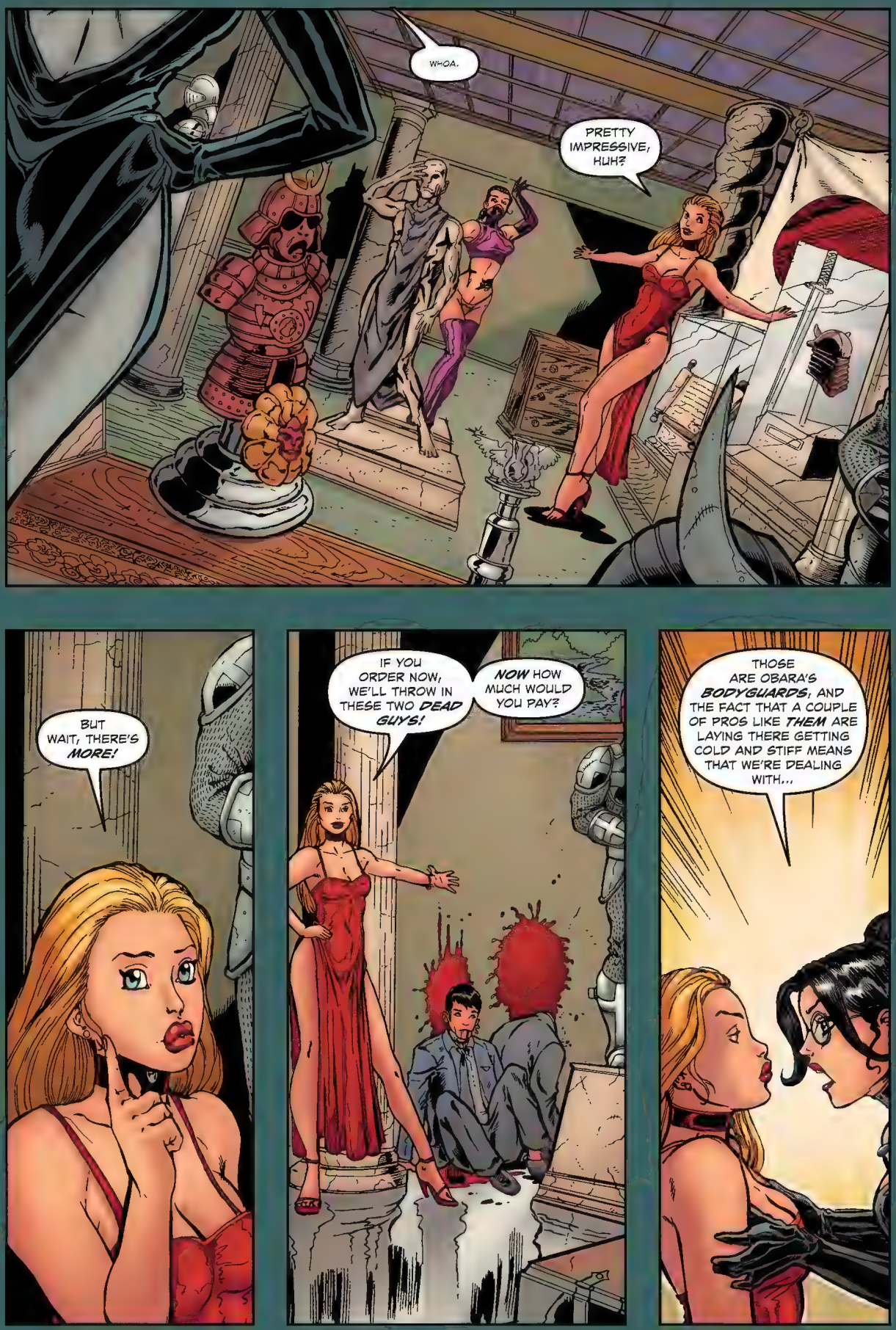

I'LL CHECK OUT THIS OFFICE, YOU GO SEE WHAT'S AT THE END OF THE HALL.
WHATEVER.
I'D RATHER GO BACK TO THE PARTY AND HAVE SOME FUN.


OBARA WAS OLD SCHOOL, HIS FILES IN A CABINET RATHER THAN ON A HARDDRIVE...
HOLY SHIT.
...AND ONE OF THOSE FILES WAS PARTICULARLY ENGROSSING.

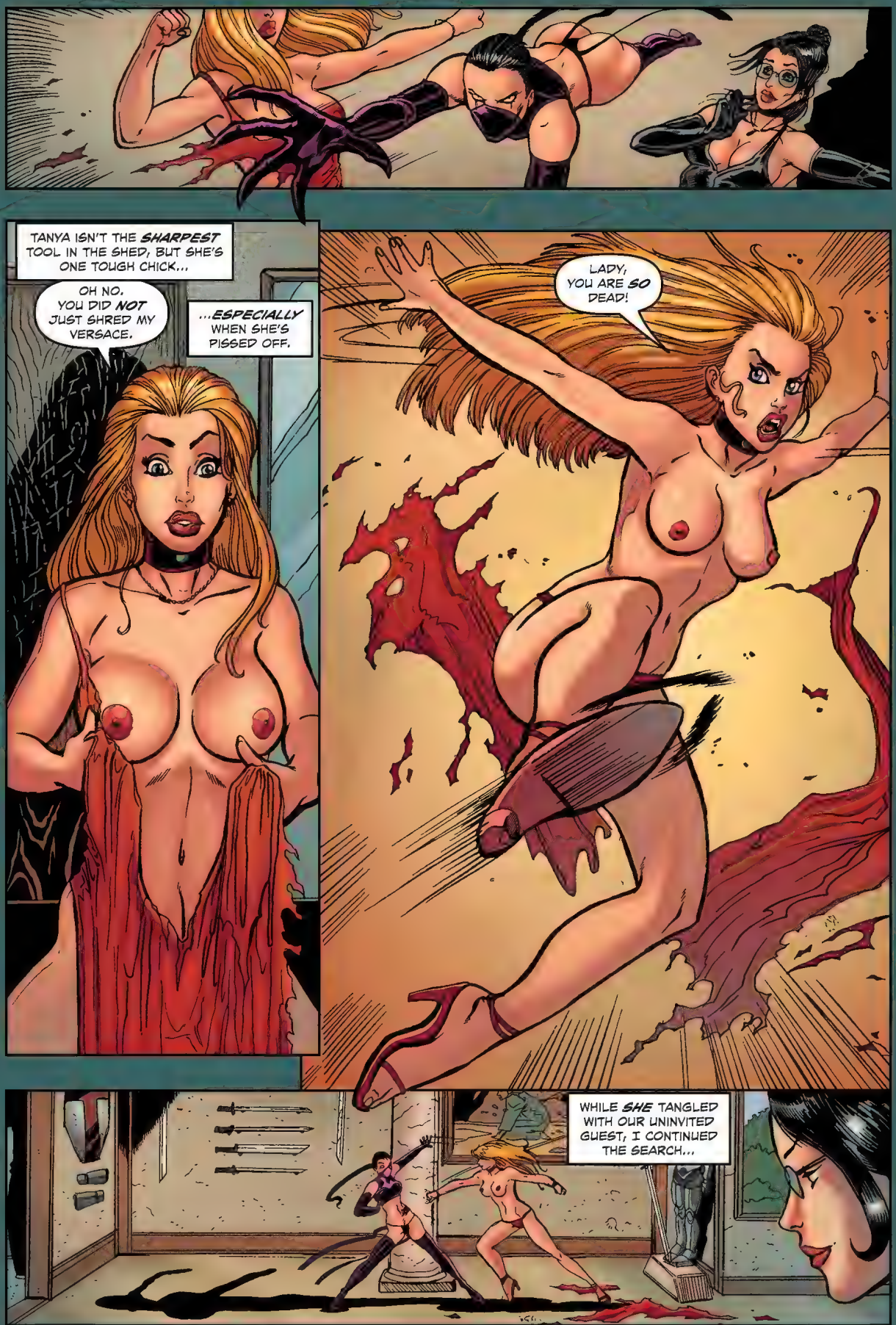
I WAS SNAPPED BACK TO REALITY BY TANYA'S VOICE, HER "CHOKER" TRANSMITTING CLEARLY.
MICHELLE, YOU'D BETTER COME SEE THIS.

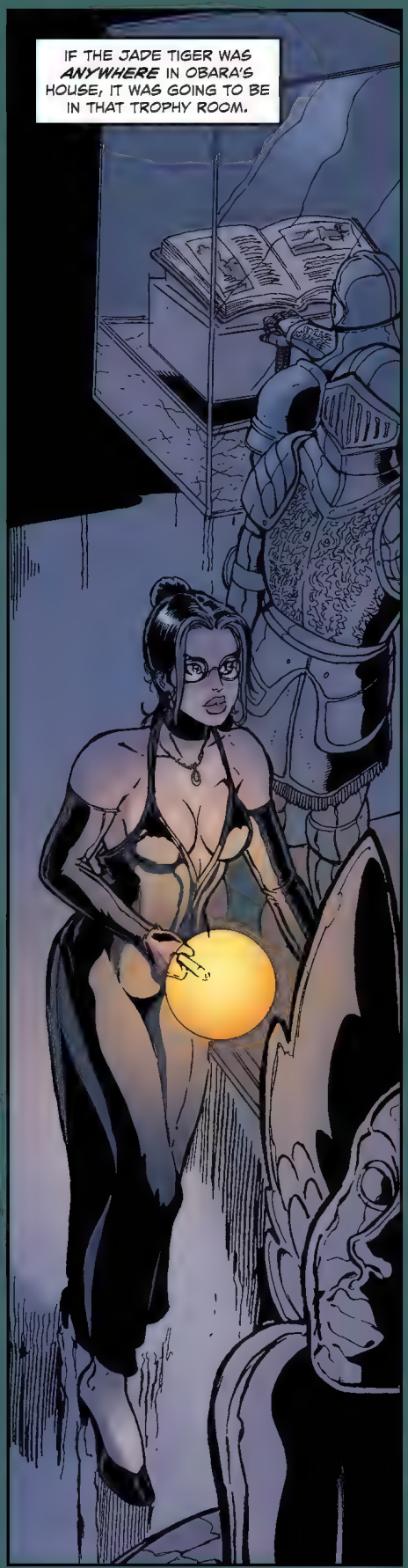


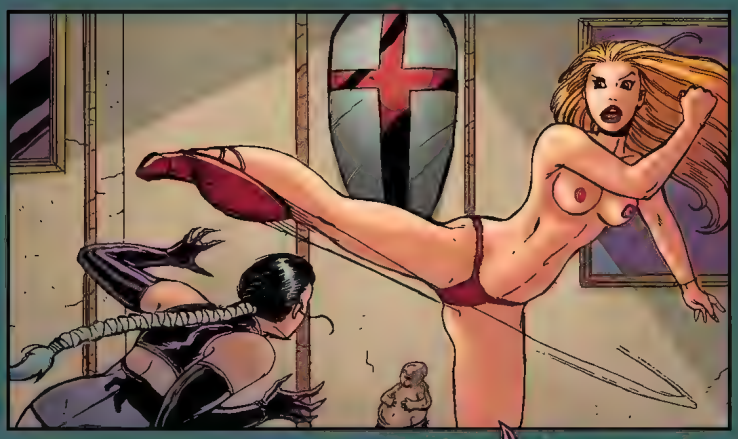

TANYA?
IN HERE.

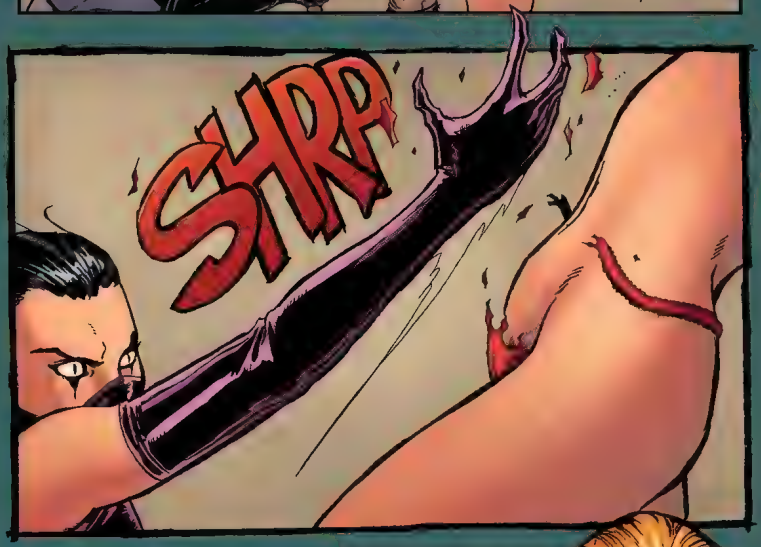

WHOA.
PRETTY IMPRESSIVE, HUH?
BUT WAIT, THERE'S *MORE!*
IF YOU ORDER NOW, WE'LL THROW IN THESE TWO *DEAD GUYS!*
NOW HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY?
THOSE ARE OBARA'S *BODYGUARDS*, AND THE FACT THAT A COUPLE OF PROS LIKE *THEM* ARE LAYING THERE GETTING COLD AND STIFF MEANS THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH...

...AN ASSASSIN!


TANYA ISN'T THE SHARPEST TOOL IN THE SHED, BUT SHE'S ONE TOUGH CHICK...
OH NO. YOU DID NOT JUST SHRED MY VERSACE.
...ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S PISSED OFF.
LADY, YOU ARE SO DEAD!
WHILE SHE TANGLED WITH OUR UNINVITED GUEST, I CONTINUED THE SEARCH...


IF THE JADE TIGER WAS ANYWHERE IN OBARA'S HOUSE, IT WAS GOING TO BE IN THAT TROPHY ROOM.



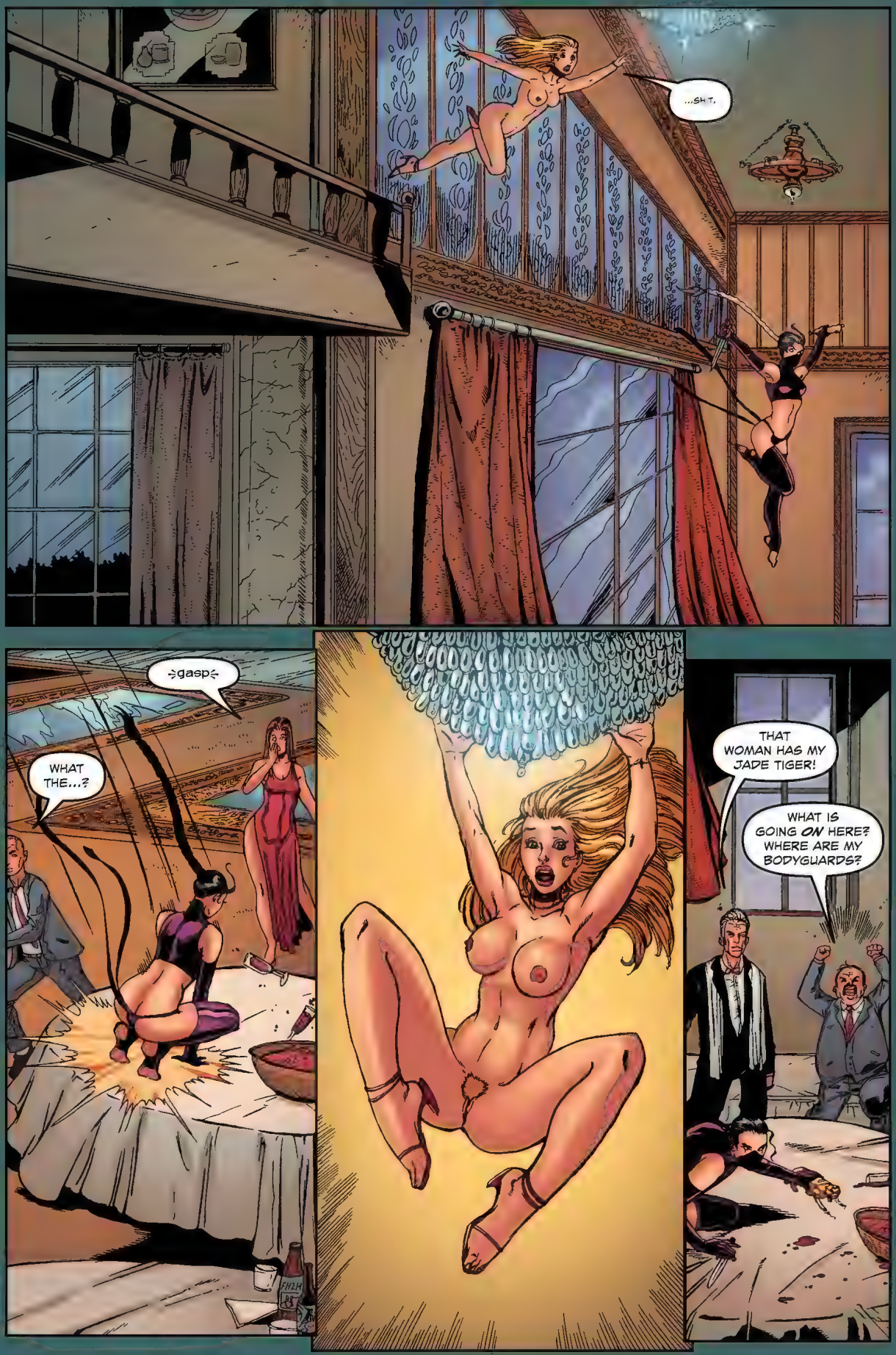

SHRA

THAT'S IT, YOU TATTOOED BITCH...

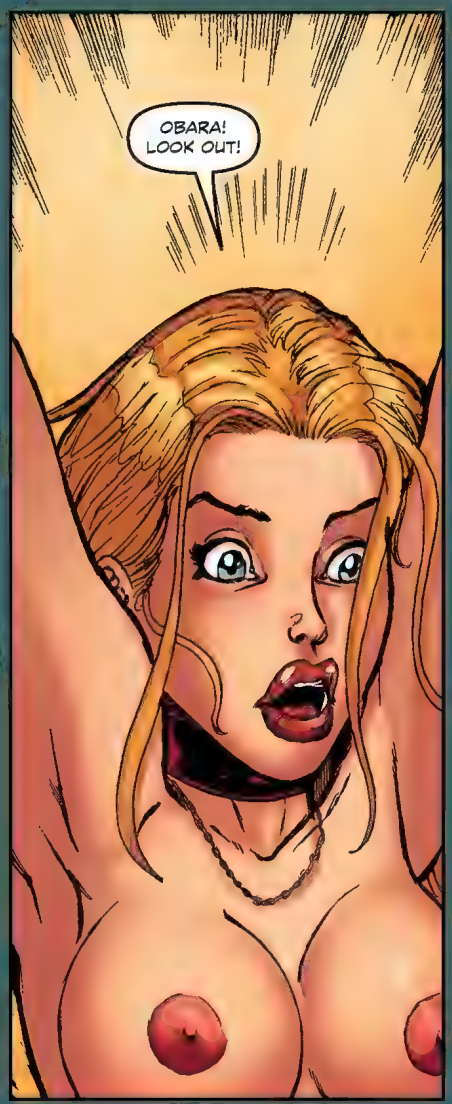
...YOU'RE GOING DOWN!
BINGO!
I FOUND IT, TANYA!
MICHELLE! BEHIND YOU!
I FOUND THE JADE TI

-GER.
DON'T THINK YOU'RE RUNNING OUT ON ME NOW.
YOU STARTED THIS FIGHT...
...BUT I'M GONNA FINISH IT.
UH HUH. COME ON... THERE'S A LOT MORE WHOOP-ASS WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

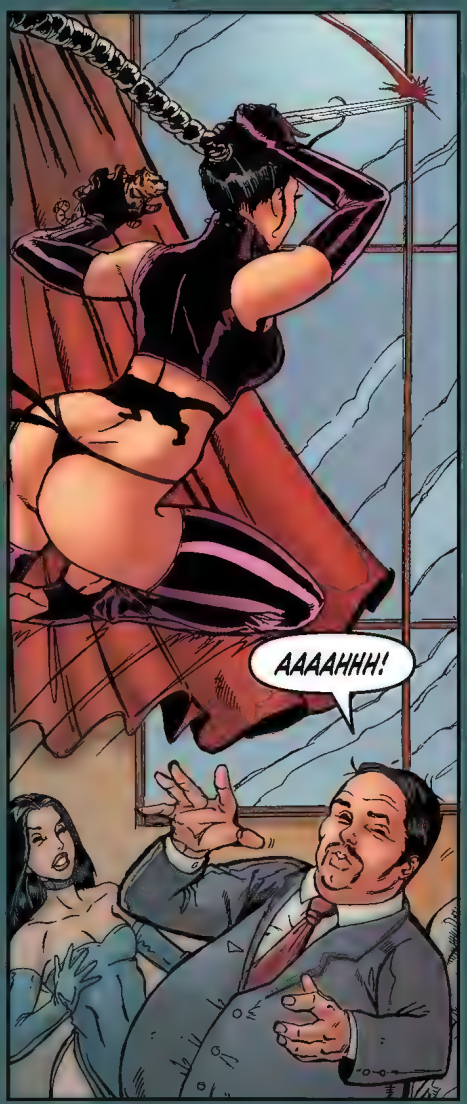
HEY! GET BACK HERE!
TANYA! WAIT!
YOU'RE ONLY MAKING THIS HARDER ON YOURSELF.
WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOU'RE GONNA BE ONE SORRY SACK OF...


...SH.T.
WHAT THE...?
÷gasp÷
THAT WOMAN HAS MY JADE TIGER!
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE? WHERE ARE MY BODYGUARDS?

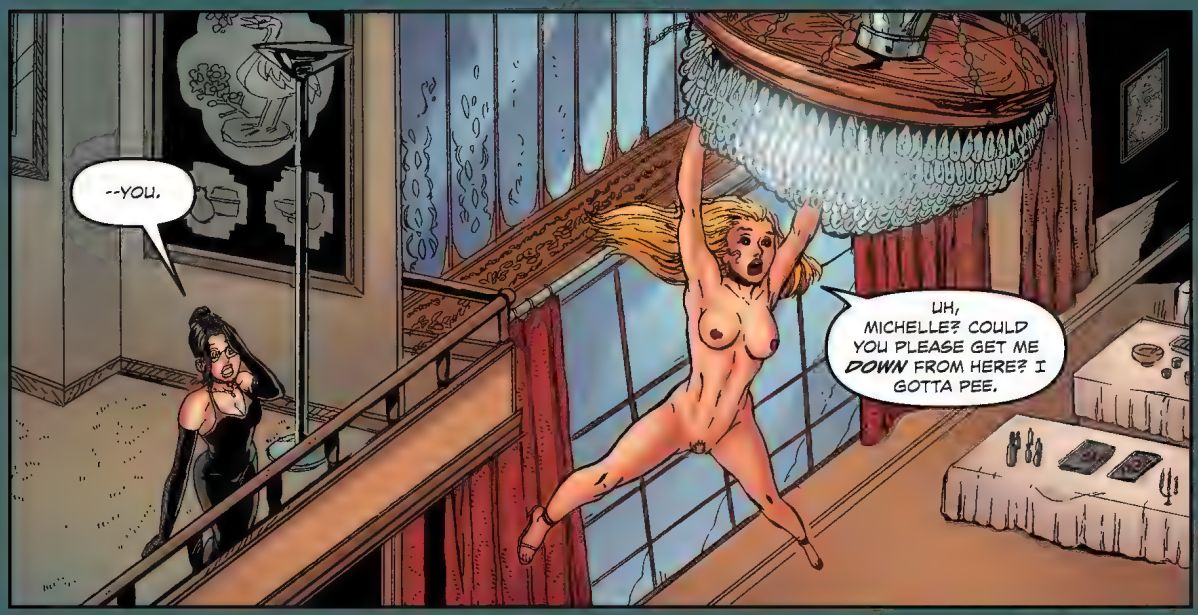
SHE'S GOT A KNIFE!
YASU! HACHI! HELP ME!

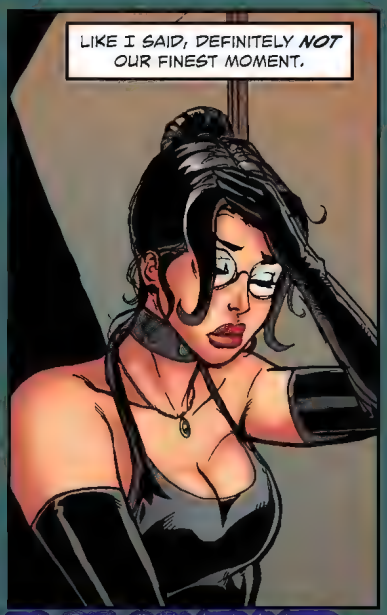

OBARA! LOOK OUT!

OH LORD.


AAAAHHH!

NOT GOOD.
SHE'S GETTING AWAY! STOP HER!
CALL 911! CALL 911!





TO BE CONTINUED...

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY CHRISTIAN ZANIER

EMBER

CHAPTER 4 - BEAUTIFIED

EMBER, I'M SENDING A MILITARY ESCORT TO GET YOU HOME. YOUR SUIT IS FRIED, ALL YOUR DAMPENERS MELTED. NOT TO MENTION, THE LOCALS MIGHT BE LESS THAN THRILLED WITH YOU.

HOLY SHIT...
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE IN BIG TROUBLE. BUT HEY, I GOT THE BAD GUY.
AH FUCK, LOCAL COPS ARE HERE ALREADY.
DON'T TRY FLYING. PICK UP ETA 2 MINUTES.
YOU HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOUNG LADY. YOU BURNED AN ENTIRE CITY BLOCK AND RECKLESSLY ENDANGERED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE!

LOOK, DUDE, BLAME THE BARBECUED CHICK OVER THERE IN MELTED METAL PANTS.
I'M ONLY DOIN' MY JOB. STOPPING THE BAD GUYS AND ALL THAT.
I'M BRINGING YOU IN AND THIS GETS SORTED OUT DOWNTOWN.
WAIT, WHAT? NO WAY!

I DON'T THINK SO, SERGEANT. THIS IS A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY.
DARREN!
NOW HANG ON, SON, WHO THE FUCK DO YOU WORK FOR?
THAT, SIR, IS CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. BUT MY LARGE MILITARY CONVOY SHOULD MAKE MY POINT FOR ME. EMBER IS COMING WITH ME.
NEXT: BIG TROUBLE!